THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 18, 1803.

HISTORY *of* CAPTAIN WINTERFIELD.

(Concluded from Page 290.)

THEY accordingly ſet out for the banks of the Miſſiſſippi, which they reached in about eight days; where they engaged with the maſter of a ſmall Spaniſh veſſel, going round to Penſacola, and took leave of their Indian friend.

On their arrival at this place, which had but a ſhort time before ſurrendered to the arms of Spain, they took up their reſidence in the houſe of one of the principal merchants, whoſe name was well known to the lady, and who had only ſworn allegiance to the conquerors for the preſervation of his landed property, which was very conſiderable in Weſt Florida, intending to quit for ever that part of the world, as ſoon as he could conveniently diſpoſe of it to advantage, being firmly attached to the Britiſh government, and determined to end his days in England. By this gentleman they were moſt kindly entertained upwards of four months, when he procured them a paſſage in a French ſhip bound for Marſeilles; but the veſſel was taken on its voyage by an Engliſh privateer, and carried into Antigua. Nor did the circumſtance of falling into the hands of his own countrymen operate much in favour of Captain Winterfield, or his fair companion, who were plundered of great part of their property, not leſs effectually, though perhaps ſomewhat leſs avowedly, than if the capture had been made by their moſt inveterate enemies. Indeed, Captain Winterfield's property was very inconſiderable, but his amiable fellow-ſufferer had a vaſt quantity of plate, jewels, and rich apparel, which the generous ſavage had faithfully preſerved from the wreck of her huſband's fortune—accepting only a very ſmall portion of the plate and jewels, though the whole were repeatedly offered him—with

India bonds, and other valuable inſtruments, to the amount of at leaſt fifteen thouſand pounds: theſe were all contained in a ſmall trunk, which was broke open the very firſt night, and plundered of jewels and plate to a very conſiderable amount; nor could the ſtrict inquiry which the captain of the privateer, who had formerly been a moſt notorious ſmuggler, affected to make, diſcover the delinquent, or procure any return of the ſpoil.

Not chuſing to riſk the loſs of the remainder of this valuable property, Captain Winterfield and the lady went on ſhore at Antigua; rejecting with indignation the offered paſſage to England in the privateer, which ſailed as ſoon as the captain had diſpoſed of the French ſhip and cargo.

Ten weeks after, the Crocodile ſloop of war touched at Antigua in its way to Ireland; the commander of which being Captain Winterfield's particular friend, agreed to convey him and the lady to Cork.

They accordingly embarked immediately, but they had only proceeded a few leagues from the coaſt, when the Crocodile was attacked, ſoon after dark, by a privateer under French colours, which had miſtaken her for an Engliſh trading veſſel. After the firſt broadſide, the captain of the privateer, diſcovering his error, immediately ſtruck his flag, and pretended the whole was a miſtake. But the commander of the ſloop was not to be thus eaſily duped; he thoroughly comprehended the whole of the proceeding, and inſtantly ordered the captain of the privateer on board; ſending out, at the ſame time, his own lieutenant, and two other officers, thoroughly to examine the veſſel; when it was ſoon diſcovered, that the commander was one of thoſe traiterous and piratical villains who have ſo greatly infeſted us during the paſt war, fighting under different commiſſions, and plundering all that came in their way. He had no leſs than ſix ranſomers on board, together with a moſt beautiful young lady, who had only eſcaped ruin by the melancholy deprivation of her ſenſes which his brutality had occaſioned, and which yet would not have ſecured her from this diabolical villain, had not his lieutenant, who, indeed, wiſhed to reſerve her for himſelf, as he intended to ſeize the command the very firſt opportunity, under the affectation of humanity, proteſted he never would conſent to witneſs the perpetration of ſo groſs an enormity.

The baſe miſcreant was immediately put in irons, and the intended victim of his purpoſed villainy brought on board the ſloop, where ſhe was ſoon convinced of her perfect ſafety. The wretched invader of all the rights of humanity turned out to be the identical perſon who had connived at the embezzlement of the fair widow's property in the Weſt Indies: the young lady, whoſe deſtruction he had meditated, proved to be the

daughter

daughter of Captain Winterfield, his dear, his adorable Penelope.

The young lady recovered but ſlowly from the conſequences of the ill-treatment ſhe had experienced; and when they arrived at Cork, which was not till three weeks after this affair, ſhe was full two months before ſhe got the better of her indiſpoſition. In the mean time, as the Crocodile was only to victual at this place, previous to a cruize in the Bay of Biſcay, Captain Winterfield and his two fair companions took their paſſage in a trading ſhip bound to Cheſter.

The ſecond day after they ſailed, a violent ſtorm aroſe, which carried them out of their courſe, toward the coaſt of Scotland; where they continued to be driven about, at the mercy of the winds, for three days ſucceſſively; till, at length, the veſſel having ſprung a leak, which the beſt efforts of the crew were unable to keep under, and having at the ſame time loſt both her maſts, after repeatedly firing guns of diſtreſs without any proſpect of relief, Captain Winterfield, with his lovely charge, and eight other paſſengers, determined not to tempt their fate by continuing longer on board; and having in vain endeavoured to prevail on the maſter to quit his ſhip, who declared he would much rather go down with her than face the owners after her loſs, they got into the long-boat about midnight, and made for the ſhore—with what ſucceſs has already appeared.

Captain Winterfield having concluded the narrative which comprehended theſe events, he preſented his daughter—with the unfortunate lady; who had, in her haſte and confuſion in quitting the veſſel, left the trunk which contained her whole fortune on deck, though ſhe had carefully brought it up ſome time before, that ſhe might not in the laſt extremity leave it behind—to Colonel Bellinger; begging to place them under his protection, till he might himſelf be enabled to provide for them to his wiſh. In the mean time, he expreſſed his intention of ſetting out for England as ſoon as poſſible, that he might report to the commander in chief the circumſtances which had occaſioned his abſence from the ſervice, and expreſs his readineſs again to return to his duty.

Colonel Bellinger very readily engaged to provide for his amiable gueſts, and begged that Captain Winterfield would make no apology for ſharing with him in the enjoyment of his fortune; and, though he could not but approve of his reſolution to wait on the commander in chief as ſoon as convenient, he ſtrongly oppoſed the offer of any future ſervice; on the contrary, he intreated him to reſign his commiſſion; and repreſented the happineſs he had began to promiſe himſelf in the ſociety of a perſon ſo dear to him, which would be wholly cut off ſhould he refuſe to make Bellinger Houſe the ſeat of his future reſidence, with his lovely daughter and the fair compa-

nion of his voyage. Nor would the generous colonel liſten to any expreſſions of gratitude from the latter, whoſe tears he was however unable to check, for protection ſo kindly offered. She acknowledged herſelf deſtitute of a ſingle known friend in England; having wholly relied for the hope of a comfortable ſubſiſtence on the fortune which ſhe had, by the intervention of providence, been prevented from carrying with her.

The diſtreſs of the unhappy lady, on this occaſion, made a very ſenſible impreſſion on Captain Winterfield; and, the moment he left Bellinger Houſe, in his progreſs to London, he diſcovered that ſympathy for the misfortunes of the amiable young widow had created an affection for her perſon; nor had the tenderneſs and ſolicitude of the captain, to his fair partner in affliction, failed to produce a ſimilar effect in his favour. In ſhort, they had for ſome time been deeply enamoured with each other: but the pure heart of the diſtreſſed fair-one ſhrunk from the idea of a ſecond affection, her firſt love ſo cruelly terminated; and the brave captain, who had long perſiſted in the determination of continuing a widower, would probably never have ſuſpected his own breaſt of harbouring the gentle paſſion, had not the friendleſs ſituation of the fair mourner, and the reverſe of fortune which he had been a melancholy witneſs of her experiencing, excited in his boſom an intereſt in her future welfare, and a determined reſolution to ſhare with her thoſe ills of life which ſhe ſeemed deſtined perpetually to ſuſtain.

On his return, therefore, from London, where his apology proved more than ſufficient, the commander in chief having preſented him to his majeſty, by whom he was moſt graciouſly received, he ſcrupled not to open his heart to Colonel Bellinger, and to ſolicit his advice on the propriety of ſuch an engagement, under his limited circumſtances; though he acknowledged that his love had increaſed, if not originated, ſince the lady was found to be deſtitute of that fortune which, though it might poſſibly have encreaſed their comfort, could hardly have added to the felicity he believed he ſhould yet experience with her, were he capable of inſpiring her with an equal affection.

The colonel gave his warmeſt approbation to Captain Winterfield's attachment; and aſſured him, that he need not be under the ſmalleſt apprehenſion about circumſtances: as, to ſay nothing of his own readineſs, as well as ability, to make up any defect of that nature, the lady poſſeſſed a very ample fortune of her own; the trunk in which it was contained being the only article ſaved from the wreck, a circumſtance which did not appear till after his departure for the metropolis.

"And now, my dear friend," ſaid the colonel, "let me be equally candid and ingenuous: when I undertook to be the guardian of your matchleſs daughter, I conſidered her, from your repreſentations, as merely an infant; and Heaven is my witneſs,

witneſs, that it was my unalterable intention ſhe ſhould no other way have been diſtinguiſhed from my own children, than by the poſſeſſion of a name at leaſt equally dear. I was ſurpriſed, therefore, to find, in your little Penelope, as you fondly called her—parent as I myſelf was—a blooming virgin of ſeventeen. Will you, captain, forgive my preſumption! I have dared to hope, notwithſtanding the difference of a few years—little more than your own with the dear object of your preſent regards—ſhould the angelic daughter favour my vows, I ſhall not, in her father, meet an obſtacle to my wiſhes?"

It may ſeem unneceſſary to add, that the captain was not backward in giving his conſent to ſo deſirable an union. The colonel, in a ſhort time, ſecured the affection of Penelope, whoſe father was equally ſucceſsful in obtaining that of the amiable widow: both parties were united on the ſame day, and they now compoſe one family at Bellinger Houſe, where they experience a much greater portion of felicity than uſually falls to the lot of mortals in this ſtate of imperfect bliſs.

CHARACTER *of the late* MR. WARTON.

MR. WARTON was, in his younger days, or rather middle age, for a conſiderable ſpace of time, curate of Woodſtock, where his eaſy wit and good humour rendered him univerſally acceptable; and though his pulpit oratory does not appear ever to have entitled him to particular notice, many are ſtill alive who ſpeak of him with more regard and affection than of any perſon who ever officiated there. The rector, Mr. Holloway, though certainly not a man of genius, was a man after his own heart, as far as convivial and ſocial habits were concerned; and Saturday, Sunday, and part of Monday were generally ſpent at Woodſtock, in the moſt agreeable manner.

No man knew better how to unbend than Warton. Indeed to thoſe who were unacquainted with his ſtudious purſuits and high attainments, he would have appeared totally deſtitute of intellectual energy. He ſeemed to deiight in the ſociety of women and children with whom he could talk nonſenſe, or to aſſociate with men in general who were harmleſs *bon-vivants*, wags, or punſters. His preſence never laid a reſtraint on innocent hilarity, which he was always ready to promote; nor did his converſation daunt the advances of conſcious inferiority. Like other men of prompt wit and vigorous mind, he would ſometimes ſay a ſevere, but never ſaid a malicious thing. Preſuming ignorance and unbluſhing vice might have reaſon to fear his retort, but virtue and modeſty found him gentle and playful as a lamb.

INTE-

INTERESTING TRIALS.

Trials of the Accomplices of Colonel Deſpard for High Treaſon.

(Continued from Page 286.)

ON the 9th of February, 1803, John Wood, John Francis, Thomas Newman, Daniel Tyndall, James Sedgwick Ratten, William Lander, Arthur Graham, Samuel Smith, John M'Namara, Thomas Philips, and John Doyle, were brought to the bar, and a jury having been ſworn, the ſolicitor-general ably ſtated the law on the ſubject of treaſon, which having amply detailed in our account of the trial of the trial of Colonel Deſpard, it is unneceſſary here to repeat. When he had finiſhed his ſpeech, he proceeded to call the evidence for the crown, which was nearly verbatim the ſame as that which was given on the trial of Colonel Deſpard, and which did not ſufficiently affect the priſoner Doyle, he being only found at the Oakley Arms, without any proof of previous knowledge of the intention of the reſt of the party, and therefore the attorney-general kindly obſerved, that although the appearance of Doyle at ſuch a place, on ſuch an occaſion, and under ſuch circumſtances, might warrant the putting of his caſe to the jury, ſtill he would conſent to his acquittal, in order that the other priſoners, if they thought his evidence could avail them, might make uſe of him as a witneſs in their behalf.

The evidence for the proſecution being cloſed,

Lord Ellenborough, in the moſt handſome terms, commended the candour of the attorney-general.

Accordingly a verdict of acquittal, as to John Doyle, was recorded, and he was diſcharged; but the priſoner's counſel did not think proper to appeal to his evidence.

Mr. Jekyll roſe and addreſſed the jury on behalf of the priſoners, in a ſpeech of conſiderable length, and remarkable for its ſtyle, energy, and eloquence. He commenced by obſerving, that it was his duty to addreſs the jury on behalf of the twelve unfortunate men at the bar, for whom he was counſel, at a period of the night when both body and mind were overcome with fatigue and attention. He adverted to the difficulties he had to encounter, as counſel for twelve men accuſed of ſo great a crime. It was a crime ſtriking at the very fountain head of ſovereign power, and involving in it the deſtruction of one not only endeared to us by the ſacred function he filled, but by his character in every relation of public and private life—one who

" Had borne his faculties ſo meek; had been
" So clear in his great office, that his virtues
" Would plead like angels double tongued, againſt
" The deep damnation of his takers off."

He alluded to the ſtatute of Edward the Third, by which it was required that no man ſhould be attainted of high treaſon, except *proveably* by men of his own condition; and he elucidated his remarks upon that ſtatute by the commentary and expoſition of Lord Coke, and the more modern writings of Lord Hale and Mr. Juſtice Foſter. He contended that the queſtion for the jury was ſtripped of all legal diſcuſſion—all difference of opinion as to points of law; and that it was a mere queſtion of fact. He then ſtated what were the rules of evidence required to prove the fact of high treaſon, elucidating his remarks by appoſite quotations from Beccaria on crimes and puniſhments, and other eminent writers; and by referring to the various precedents on ſubjects of criminal juriſprudence, at various periods prior and ſubſequent to the revolution. He then referred to the particular evidence given in this caſe by the witneſſes, inſiſting that it was of too ſuſpicious a nature to juſtify a jury in condemning ſuch a number of their fellow-creatures upon a charge of ſo foul a nature, and which was viſited by puniſhment ſo dreadful. He examined the evidence of each witneſs ſeparately, contending that the teſtimony of Windſor and the accomplices was unworthy of the leaſt credit. He made many ſevere remarks upon the character of the witneſſes, and appealed, in the moſt earneſt manner, to the jury, to diſcard their evidence altogether: and he concluded an elegant harangue, the delivery of which occupied near three hours, truſting that the jury would, by their verdict, reſtore the priſoners to their families.

A great number of witneſſes were then called for the purpoſe of giving characters to the different priſoners, who ſtated them to be all men of ſober and induſtrious habits, &c. but none of them ſpoke to any knowledge of the political ſentiments of any of the priſoners, never having heard them ſay any thing upon politics.

Mr. Hovell ſpoke in behalf of the priſoners after the evidence was cloſed.

The attorney-general made an able reply to the ſpeech of Mr. Jekyll, and anſwered all the obſervations which were made by him. He maintained that all the evidence was on one ſide, namely, for the proſecution. As to the character of witneſſes, there was more advantage to the priſoner in the caſe of high treaſon than any other, even in the caſe of an accomplice being examined as a witneſs, becauſe the priſoner had the name and addition of every witneſs to be examined againſt him given in, a number of days before his trial, by which, if there was any

defect

defect in the character of the witneſſes, the priſoner had time to examine into the matter, and to bring forward any thing that might diminiſh the credit of a witneſs, an advantage which a priſoner never had in the caſe of a common felony; ſo, in this caſe, if any of the witneſſes for the crown were thoſe deſpicable characters they were ſtated to be, there had been abundant time to attack their character by the evidence of others, if their characters were vulnerable. That with regard to government having diſcharged fifteen out of the thirty who were apprehended at the Oakley Arms, and who were ſuppoſed to be as guilty as the priſoners, and who, it was contended, ought to have been examined by the crown as witneſſes, he had only to ſay, if they had been called as witneſſes for the crown, they would have been called accomplices; but if the priſoners thought they could prove any thing material to their defence, they would have been excellent witneſſes for them. That government had not prevented their being witneſſes for the priſoners, by including them in the charges now before the court; and if they had therein erred, it was an error that could not be ſaid to be a hardſhip on the priſoners. He depreciated the idea of giving way to the appeals which had been made to the humanity of the jury, by repeatedly reminding them that there were as many lives to be diſpoſed of in this caſe, as there were empowered to pronounce their doom. He held this to be a principle much too dangerous to be attended to. He lamented as much as his learned friend, Mr. Jekyll, could lament, that twelve of his fellow-creatures ſhould be now upon their trial for one offence; but that was their own fault, and not his. There was no calculating the danger to which this country would be expoſed, if it were once underſtood that government were never to bring forward more than five or ſix perſons in any one conſpiracy againſt the ſtate. The effect of that might be, that men diſpoſed to miſchief might be led to think that if they were five or ſix thouſand in number, and only one out of a thouſand of them was to fall, the riſk to each individual was ſo trifling that it did not deter them. That was not the courſe to be taken; the public and the government muſt be ſecured under the adminiſtration of the law, whatever the ſacrifice might be which the guilt of particular individuals might render neceſſary. The attorney-general then proceeded to contend, that with the exception of a few priſoners, whoſe ſhades of guilt were different, the priſoners muſt be found guilty as a ſacrifice that was demanded by juſtice.

Lord Ellenborough then went over the whole of the evidence correctly, and many able comments on the various parts of it, and diſtinguiſhing the caſes of Phillips and Smith from the reſt, as not being ſo deciſively made out in point of intention as the reſt. His lordſhip alſo went over the points of law as they had been ſtated at the bar on the ſubject of the evidence of accom-

plices and ſpies, &c. in like manner as he did on the former trial of Colonel Deſpard.

The jury retired, and deliberated till eight o'clock, when they appeared in court, and returned the following verdict:

John Wood—Guilty.
Thomas Broughton—Guilty.
John Francis—Guilty.
Thomas Newman—Guilty, recommended to mercy.
Daniel Tyndall—Guilty, recommended to mercy.
James Sedgewick Ratten—Guilty.
William Lander—Guilty, recommended to mercy.
Arthur Graham—Guilty.
Samuel Smith—Not Guilty.
John M'Namara—Guilty.
Thomas Phillips—Not Guilty.

Colonel Deſpard was then brought into court, and placed at the bar.

Mr. Knapp, ſeverally addreſſing the priſoners, ſaid, "You have been indicted for conſpiring, compaſſing, imagining, and intending to bring and put our lord the king to death, to which indictment you have pleaded not guilty; and have put yourſelves upon your country, which country has pronounced againſt you—What have you to ſay why the court ſhould not give judgment againſt you, and each of you to die, according to law?"

Colonel Deſpard. "I have only to ſay, that the charge brought againſt me is one which I could not have the moſt diſtant idea of; and ſince my conviction I have had no opportunity, from my attorney having been engaged, of bringing forward any evidence to refute it. I have now nothing further to ſay, than what I ſaid at firſt—that I am not guilty."

Lord Ellenborough then pronounced ſentence of death on the convicts, and addreſſed them in a very impreſſive ſpeech, of which we have endeavoured to give the ſubſtance as follows:

"Edward Marcus Deſpard, John Wood, Thomas Broughton, John Francis, Thomas Newman, Daniel Tyndall, James Sedgwick Ratten, Arthur Graham, and John Macnamara, after a long and, I truſt, a very impartial trial, you have been ſeverally convicted of high treaſon. In the courſe of the evidence which has been laid before the court, a treaſonable conſpiracy has been diſcloſed, of enormous extent and alarming magnitude. The object of that conſpiracy, in which you have borne your ſeveral very active and criminal parts, has been to overthrow the fundamental laws and eſtabliſhed government of your country, to ſeize upon and deſtroy the ſacred perſon of our revered and juſtly-beloved ſovereign, and to murder and deſtroy the various members of his royal houſe, and annihilate thoſe branches of the legiſlature of this realm, and which ſome of you have

choſen, in bold and deſperate language, to deſcribe at your meetings as a den of thieves, and thereby to ſuperſede the legitimate government, which you have choſen to deſcribe in terms equally reviling and unjuſt, as a ſyſtem of arbitrary rule, and inſtead of the ancient limited monarchy of this realm, its eſtabliſhed and wholeſome laws, its approved inſtitutions, its civil and uniform gradations of rank, its natural and deſirable inequality, to ſubſtitute a wild ſcheme of impracticable equalization of civil, political, and religious rights, holding out a vain and deluſive promiſe of an ample proviſion for the families of the heroes, falſely ſo called, who ſhould fall in the conteſt: a ſcheme equally calculated to produce the miſery of thoſe who ſtruggled for its adoption, as of thoſe who were to have been as victims.

"This plan has been ſtated to have been carried into execution by the ſeduction of unwary and ignorant ſoldiers from their duty, and by attempts to enſnare their conſciences by the adminiſtration of illegal and impious oaths; that this might operate on the more needy and unprincipled perſons of the lower ranks and claſſes of the community, and induce a more ready aſſociation in your criminal confederacy, it was (I hope falſely) declared, that the country was ripe for the attack, and that the people in all its great and populous towns were ready to join it, and were anxious for that change which it was its object to effect. It appears too, that by a pretended executive authority exerciſed by ſome among you, the diſtribution and direction of the reſources of the confederacy and the ſupply of ammunition, arms, and military ſtores, were held out as the means of aſſiſtance, and the encouragement and pledge of ſupport. It is, however, wiſely ordained by divine providence, for the ſecurity and happineſs of mankind, that the raſhneſs of ſuch counſels is ever deſtined to defeat their malignity; and that the wickedneſs of the contrivers falls on their own heads, afford the means of timely eſcape and ſecurity to its intended victims. The leagues and unions, which conſtitute the means of ſuch aſſociates, are always treacherous. We uniformly find they begin in treaſon to the ſovereign, and end, if they do not alſo begin, in treachery towards thoſe individuals who compoſe them. The danger to the public, which is threatened by their machinations, is redeemed, and its effects prevented, by the criminal motives operating on the ſame claſſes of delinquents. It has thus happened in the preſent inſtance: that your crimes have, in part, been fruſtrated by the operation of the ſame inſtruments by which they were intended to have been forwarded, and had nearly been matured to their ultimate accompliſhment. It behoves all thoſe whoſe deſtruction was doomed to have taken place in the ſucceſsful event of this conſpiracy, and who were the objects of proſcription by thoſe whoſe ſentiments are, I truſt,

truſt, the ſentiments of but a very ſmall portion of the people of the Britiſh empire, to render thanks to God for having hitherto defeated it. As to you, the contrivers of this dangerous but abortive treaſon, it remains for me only to perform the laſt but painful part of my official duty. As to you, Edward Marcus Deſpard, born to better hopes, and formed by providence for better ends and purpoſes, and accuſtomed as you have heretofore been to better habits of life and manners and (purſuing, as you once did, as we have heard from your witneſſes, together with the virtuous and diſtinguiſhed companions of your former life and ſervice, during a long period, a laudable courſe of laudable ambition) I will not at this painful moment point out how much all theſe conſiderations are loſt in the degrading and ignominious fellowſhip in which you now ſtand, or aggravate your crimes, ſharpened and embittered as I know they muſt be by the fulneſs of your preſent ſufferings! I entreat you, by the memory of what you once were, to uſe your ardent endeavours, during the ſhort period of your remaining life, to ſubdue that callous heart, of which, in a fatal moment, you once boaſted, and to regain that ſalutary diſpoſition and affection you once had, and by which you may work your ſalvation —which, thank God! is yet attainable, by effectual penitence and availing prayer!

"As to you John Wood, you Thomas Broughton, you John Francis, you James Sedgewick Ratten, you Arthur Graham, you Thomas Newman, you Daniel Tyndall, you William Lander, and you John M'Namara, the ſad victims of his ſeduction and example, and of your own wicked and diſloyal purpoſes— you have afforded a melancholy, but I hope inſtructive example, to all perſons of the ſame claſs and condition with yourſelves, to deter them, by the calamitous conſequences which await your crimes, from engaging in the ſame counſels which have led you to this ignominious and untimely end. May they, from your fatal example, learn the humble, but ſecure bleſſings of induſtrious and quiet life! all which you have, in an evil hour caſt away from you, and may they, by ſo doing, increaſe the ſtock of public happineſs and ſecurity! The ſame recommendation I have offered to the leader of your crimes, and the companion of your preſent ſufferings, as to the remainder of your exiſtence in this world, I again repeat, and earneſtly recommend to every one of you: and may you, by your penitence and earneſt prayers obtain for you all, that mercy which a due and neceſſary regard to the ſafety and intereſt of your fellow-men may not allow you here! It only remains for me to paſs the dreadful ſentence of the law." His lordſhip then paſſed the uſual judgment for high treaſon.

Colonel Deſpard. "Your lordſhip will allow me to ſay one or two words. Your lordſhip has imputed to me the character

of being the ſeducer of theſe men. I did not ſee that any thing of the kind appeared on the trial from any part of the evidence."

Tyndall.—" I am ſatisfied with Mr. Jekyll's exertions, and I humbly thank him for them."

M'Namara—" My Lord, I beg to ſpeak. I am now under ſentence of death, and am ſoon to quit this world; but may God never receive me, if I ever ſpoke to the witneſs Windſor!"

The court immediately diſſolved.

(To be continued.)

Anecdotes of the preſent Emperor of Ruſſia, Alexander I.

JUSTICE and clemency are in all caſes the faireſt and firmeſt pillars of the throne; and the prince, who, like Alexander the Firſt, acts uniformly upon this principle, may reſt ſecurely upon the affections of his people.

The ſhort period of his adminiſtration has been diſtinguiſhed already by the nobleſt actions; as a proof of which we have only to peruſe his excellent edicts, which are ſo full of humanity, affability, clemency, and juſtice; and eſpecially his ordinance by which he has granted an unlimited freedom from informers and ſpies.

Let his imperial letter be attentively peruſed, which he wrote lately to one of his grandees, and which is one of the faireſt jewels of his crown. In what humane and paternal language does he there expreſs himſelf on the degradation and ſlaviſh miſery under which the Ruſſian peaſantry for the moſt part groan! He deteſts the idea of human creatures being bought and ſold in the manner of cattle; and is engaged ſeriouſly in making ſuch arrangements as may ſet bounds to ſuch abuſes for the future.

To himſelf, beſides the occupation of government, he allows ſo few pleaſures or amuſements, that the emperor might be taken for a private perſon. Of the ſimpleſt appearance, and generally clad in the ſtricteſt ſtile of military uniform, he is ſeen almoſt every day on the parade, and receives the petitions of ſuppliants himſelf, or gives orders to his adjutant for that purpoſe. With the greateſt affability, and a pleaſing ſmile, he ſalutes every one that comes in his way, and gives audience to each of them himſelf. He then takes an airing on horſeback, attended only by a ſingle ſervant; and when he meets with any of thoſe perſons whom he formerly knew when grand-duke, he enters immediately into familiar converſation, and talks of paſt circumſtances in the moſt engaging manner. Even thoſe who are entire ſtrangers to him, however diſagreeable their ſubjects

of

of converſation, and at times highly improper and impertinent, are frequently heard by him with the utmoſt compoſure, of which the following is a ſtriking example.

On a review day, at the very moment when the emperor had given the word of command, and the guard on the parade was juſt on the point of paying him the uſual military honours, a fellow approached him with ragged garments, with his hair in diſorder, and a look of wildneſs, and gave him a ſlap on the ſhoulder. The monarch, who was ſtanding at that time with his face oppoſite to the military front, turned round immediately, and, beholding the ragamuffin, ſtarted at the ſight; and then aſked him, with a look of aſtoniſhment, what he wanted? "I have ſomething to ſay to you, Alexander Paulowitz" anſwered the ſtranger in the Ruſſian language. "Say on then," ſaid the emperor, with a ſmile of encouragement, and laying his hands on the vagabond's ſhoulders. A long pauſe followed: the military guard ſtood ſtill; and nobody ventured by word or motion to diſturb the emperor in this ſingular interview. The Grand-duke Conſtantine alone, whoſe attention had been excited by this unuſual ſtoppage, advanced ſomewhat nearer to his brother. The ſtranger now related that he had been a captain in the Ruſſian ſervice, and had been preſent at the campaigns both in Italy and Switzerland; but that he had been perſecuted by his commanding officer, and ſo miſrepreſented to Suwarrow, that the latter had turned him out of the army. Without money, and without friends, in a foreign country, he had afterwards ſerved as a private ſoldier in the Ruſſian army; and being much wounded and mangled at Zurich (and he here pulled his rags aſunder, and ſhewed ſeveral gun-ſhot wounds), he had cloſed his campaign in a French priſon. He had now begged all the way to Peterſburgh, to apply to the emperor himſelf for juſtice, and to beg him to enquire into the reaſon of ſuch a ſhameful degradation from his poſt.

The emperor heard him to the end with patience; and then aſked, in a ſignificant tone, "if there was no exaggeration in the ſtory he had told?"

"Let me die under the knout (ſaid the officer), if I ſhall be found to have uttered one word of falſehood!"

The emperor then beckoned to his brother, and charged him to conduct the ſtranger to the palace, while he turned about to the expecting crowd. The commanding officer, who had behaved ſo ſhamefully, though of a good family, and a prince in rank, was reprimanded very ſeverely; while the brave warrior, whom he had unjuſtly perſecuted, was reinſtated in his former poſt, and had beſides a conſiderable preſent from the emperor.

Every thing that ſavours of harſhneſs or cruelty is abhorrent to the temper of this amiable monarch: as an evidence of which we need only mention the well-known ſtory of the tor-

ture,

ture inflicted on a poor Ruſſian, who had fallen under the ſuſpicion of wilfully ſetting fire to buildings.

No ſooner was the good-natured emperor informed that this poor wretch had, upon mere ſuſpicion, been put to the rack in the moſt inhuman manner; that he had given up the ghoſt in the midſt of torments, and aſſerted his innocence with his laſt breath, than he ſent immediately an officer to Caſan, in order to inveſtigate the matter to the bottom; and publiſhed at the ſame time that remarkable edict, in conſequence of which the term torture is for ever blotted out from the legal language of Ruſſia.

On the Literature and Arts of the Ceyloneſe.

[From Percival's Hiſtory of Ceylon.]

THE learning of the Ceyloneſe conſiſts chiefly in ſome pretended ſkill in aſtrology. It appears indeed that they were formerly poſſeſſed of ſome literature, as well as of ſome refinement in the arts. At Adam's Peak, their principal place of worſhip, and in the ruins of ſome of their temples, certain inſcriptions have been diſcovered which they are now unable to decypher. The Dutch repeatedly ſent ſome of the moſt ingenious Malabars, as well as perſons from the various continental tribes, to examine theſe inſcriptions; but although they were accompanied by the natives, and aſſiſted by all their traditions, no interpretation could be effected. In the neighbourhood of Sittivacca, I had an opportunity to ſee ſeveral of theſe inſcriptions among the ruins of a pagoda.

To read and write are no ordinary accompliſhments among the natives of Ceylon. Theſe arts are among the Candians chiefly confined to the learned men of the ſect called Gonies, who are retained by the king to execute the writings of ſtate, and thoſe which reſpect religious affairs. The Arabic is the character which they employ on theſe occaſions.

For writing, as they do not underſtand the art of making paper, they employ the leaf of the talipot tree. From theſe leaves, which are of an immenſe ſize, they cut out ſlips, from a foot to a foot and a half long, and about a couple of inches broad. Theſe ſlips are ſmoothed, and all excreſcences pared off with a knife, and are then, without any other preparation, ready to be uſed. A fine-pointed ſteel pencil, like a bodkin, and ſet in a wooden or ivory handle, ornamented according to the taſte of the owner, is employed to write or rather engrave their letters or characters on theſe talipot ſlips, which are very thick and tough.

In order to render the characters more viſible and diſtinct, they rub them over with oil mixed with charcoal reduced to powder, and

and this has the effect alſo of rendering them ſo permanent, that they can never be effaced. When one ſlip is not ſufficient to contain all that they intend to write on any particular ſubject, they ſtring ſeveral together by a piece of twine paſſed through them, and attach them to a board in the ſame way as we file news-papers.

Palm leaves are ſometimes employed for the ſame purpoſe, but thoſe of the talipot, both from their breadth and thickneſs, are preferred. Few of the natives, and thoſe only of the higher order who have much connexion and long accounts to keep with the Europeans, employ any other materials in writing than thoſe which I have juſt deſcribed. There is alſo a ſort of paper, made of the bark of a tree, ſometimes uſed.

I have ſeen many of thoſe talipot books or files, called by the natives *olioes*, richly ornamented and bound in thin lacquered boards of ivory, or even ſilver and gold: they are particularly dextrous and accurate in their mode of writing. In thoſe letters or diſpatches which were ſent by the king to the Dutch government, the monarch ſeemed particularly anxious to diſplay his magnificence in the richneſs and ſplendour with which they were executed. The writing was encloſed in leaves of beaten gold in the ſhape of a cocoa-tree leaf. This was rolled up in a cover richly ornamented, and almoſt hid in a profuſion of pearls and other precious ſtones. The whole was encloſed in a box of ſilver or ivory, which was ſealed with the emperor's great ſeal. The ſame ſplendour has been obſerved in the letters ſent to our governor ſince we have had poſſeſſion of the iſland.

The progreſs of the Ceyloneſe in the other arts of life is proportionate to their literature. Their agriculture is in the rudeſt ſtate; and perhaps there is no other part of India where the lands are cultivated with more negligence. The Ceyloneſe are naturally, like other tribes who inhabit a mountainous country, and have been accuſtomed to the habits of a paſtoral life, indolent in the extreme. Their ſoil, where it can be watered, yields them a ſufficient quantity of rice to maintain their exiſtence, and this ſeems almoſt as much as they deſire.

The example of the Europeans in the cultivation of the cinnamon, has not yet awakened a ſpirit of emulation among the natives, nor has any improvement of their rude agricultural inſtruments been as yet introduced. Their plough conſiſts merely of a crooked piece of wood, ſhaped in ſuch a manner that the one end ſerves for a handle, while the other which is ſhod with iron to prevent the wood from wearing, ploughs, or rather tears up the ground. This very rude inſtrument, however, ſerves their purpoſe, as it is not required to make regular furrows, but merely to looſen the earth ſo as to allow the water with which they inundate it to drench it completely. After a firſt plough-

ing with this inſtrument the fields are flooded; and after they have lain ſome time under water, it is let off, and they are ploughed anew. The water, beſides nouriſhing the rice, ſerves the purpoſe of rotting the weeds.

The only good trait in their huſbandry is the care with which they guard againſt weeds: this indeed coſts them little labour where they have an opportunity of flooding the grounds. The other tools they employ in agriculture are a board for ſmoothing their fields, which they drag over them edgewiſe with their oxen; and a piece of board faſtened to the end of a long pole, which ſerves them in place of rakes.

When the ſeaſon for ploughing arrives, each village makes it a common concern, and every one attends with his plough and his oxen till the whole of the fields belonging to that ſociety be finiſhed. The ſame method is followed in reaping the corn; and both the ſeed-time and harveſt become in this manner the ſeaſons of general induſtry and good fellowſhip. Each perſon of the ſociety affords proviſions to the whole during the time they are cultivating the fields. The women are not employed in either of theſe laborious operations; their buſineſs is to gather the corn after the reapers, and aſſiſt in ſaving it.

Oxen are employed both in ploughing and in treading out the corn. This method of ſeparating the rice from the ſtraw, is in reality much more expeditious than our method of threſhing out corn; and as it is alſo attended with much leſs labour, a conſideration always of the higheſt importance to a Ceyloneſe, it is probable that the practice will be continued. For unhuſking their rice, the mode they employ is to beat it in a mortar, or more frequently on a hard floor; or if the rice be of a brittle ſort, and likely to break in pieces, they boil it previous to beating it out. Water is the only manure which they think requiſite.

An ANECDOTE.

WHEN General V. was quartered in a ſmall town in Ireland, he and his lady were regularly beſieged, whenever they got into their carriage, by an old beggar-woman, who kept her poſt at the door, aſſailing them daily with freſh importunities and freſh tales of diſtreſs. At laſt the lady's charity, and the general's patience, were nearly exhauſted, but their petitioner's wit was ſtill in its priſtine vigour. One morning, at the accuſtomed hour, when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman began—"Agh! my lady; ſucceſs to your ladyſhip, and ſucceſs to your honour's honour, this morning, of all days in the year: for ſure didn't I dream laſt night, that her lady-

ſhip gave me a pound of *ta*, and that your honour gave me a pound of tobacco?"

"But, my good woman," ſaid the general, "do not you know, that dreams always go by the rule of contrary?"

"Do they ſo, pleaſe your honour," rejoined the old woman. "Then it muſt be your honour that will give me the *ta*, and her ladyſhip that will give me the tobacco."

The general being of Sterne's opinion, that a *bon-mot* is always worth ſomething, even more than a pinch of ſnuff, gave the ingenious dreamer the value of her dream.

BISHOPS IN HEAVEN.

AT the conſecration of a cardinal there were a great number of biſhops ſitting in an ampitheatre under the dome of the Sorbonne, where the ceremony was performed: when a lady preſent, ſurprized and delighted with the ſpectacle, exclaimed—"What a fine ſight is this, to ſee all theſe biſhops ſitting in ſuch order! Methinks I am in Heaven!" "In Heaven!" replied a gentleman who ſat next her: why, Madam, there are not, in Heaven, half ſo many biſhops as you ſee here."

The VALET REPROVED.

THE country houſe of a certain prelate was ſome years ſince honoured by the arrival of a nobleman and his *gentleman*. The eſtabliſhment of the biſhop was reſpectable, but yet ſimple, and conſiſtent with his character. The nobleman was uſhered into the drawing-room, and every thing had gone on as uſual, until, juſt before the dinner hour, the worthy prelate was called out by a domeſtic, who informed him that the whole family was in confuſion, "for my lord's *gentleman* had declared, with repeated oaths, he could not dine with ſervants in livery." The biſhop requeſted to ſee him; and he accordingly deſcended from the garret, where he had taken ſhelter, to the hall. "I am very ſorry, Sir, that my houſhold is arranged in ſuch a manner, as to make it impoſſible for you to take ſome refreſhment; you have come a conſiderable diſtance to day, and muſt be fatigued. I really, Sir, hardly know how to act in this difficulty: but this I can do: my wife, I am certain, has no objection to your dining with us, if your maſter has not. I will, therefore, go and conſult him firſt, and inform you of the reſult." The poor *gentleman* was all in a tremour; his conceit inſtantly diſappeared; he humbly requeſted the biſhop not to ſpeak to his maſter: and at length, though with rather a wry face, and ſome contortions of body, he condeſcended to ſit down with the other domeſtics.

Anſwer, by Juvenis, to his own Enigma, inſerted November 22, the one inſerted March 21 being erroneous.

IN every plant, in every herb we find,
Much good inſtruction for th' youthful mind;
The fair CONVOLVULUS great truth diſplays,
Drooping at even with the ſolar rays:
So man, bereft of God's all-potent ſway,
To guileful paſſion ſinks an eaſy prey,
And like the leaves in autumn fades away.

Anſwer, by Edgar Moon, of Wells, to J. Lewis's Rebus, inſerted February 28.

PALE winter's rudeſt reign is fled,
Sweet ſpring reſumes her ſway;
The CROCUS rears his golden head,
And nature's works look gay.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. B. Bloomfield, T. Adey, Amicus, and J. Whittle, of Poole; J. Tremlett, G. W. and S. L. Margary, of Newton Abbot; R. Maffett, of Saltaſh; J. O. Zillwood, and Reginald of Dorcheſter; R. Holwell, W. Strong, J. Squance, and H. Humphreys, of Exeter; W. C. of Broadhempſton; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; Angelina, of Linkinhorne; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; and J. Harris, of Kingſteington.

Anſwer, by J. Chubb, of Everſhot, to J. Squance's Charade, inſerted February 21.

YOUR whole brings HOLY-LAND to view,
A place where wars have been its true.

*** We have received the like anſwer from J. Whittle, of Upway; J. A. Seldown; J. Tremlett, and S. L. Margary, of Newton Abbot; R. Maffett, of Saltaſh; J. O. Zillwood, and Reginald, of Dorcheſter; P. Gove, Henry Humphreys, W. Strong, R. H. and T. Whicker, of Exeter; Eleanor, of Plymouth Dock; J. Lewis, J. B. Bloomfield, and Thomas Adey, of Poole; W. C. of Broadhempſton; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; and J. Harris, of Kingſteington.

An ANAGRAM, *by E. Moon, of Wells.*

IF you tranſpoſe what ſlaves would be,
A ſailor's phraſe you'll plainly ſee.

A CHARADE, *by J. Squance, of Exeter.*

HARK! the ſkylark hails the morning
With its ſweet and rapturous lay;
See the ſpring again returning,
Nature in my firſt looks gay.

And to view it oft I'm walking,
Thro' my next to take the air,
Where with joy the ſwains are talking,
As they trip the gay parterre.

Bards! while on my whole you're muſing,
'Twill reveal a poet's name,
Whoſe works but read, you'll find diffuſing
Glorious wreaths of endleſs fame.

POETRY.

EPILOGUE *to the* NEW COMEDY *of* JOHN BULL.

Sung by Mr. JOHNSTONE.

SINCE epilogue ſpeaking to me is quite new,
Pray, allow me the help of a fiddle or two.
I'm as ſtrange to this job as the man in the moon;
But I think, if I ſing, I ſhall ſpeak to ſome tune.
Tol de rol, &c.

Now touching this comedy, critics may ſay,
'Tis a trumpery, Bartlemy-fair kind of play.
It ſmells, faith, of Smithfield, we all muſt allow,
For its all about Bull, and the ſcene's the Red Cow.

Yet not without moral the author indites,
For he points to the bleſſings of Engliſhmen's rights.
Let a duke wrong a brazier—the barriſters all
Know that braſs can do wonders in Weſtminſter Hall.

But was ever a tale ſo improbably told,
As Peregrine ſwimming with huge lumps of gold?
Should a man who ſinks caſh, with caſh try to ſwim,
For a pound to a ſhilling his caſh will ſink him.

Let us find ſome excuſe for this ſtrange overſight,
Let's ſuppoſe that his guineas were moſt of them light;
Nay, the guineas for grappling the ſhore, he might thank,
'Tis amazing of late how they ſtick in the bank.

One circumſtance keeps probability's law,
A beautiful female commits a *faux pas*—
That's nature—but critics, who don't praiſe in haſte,
Will certainly not call the incident chaſte.

Now in art, if not nature, Tom Shuffleton's found;
He's one of thoſe puppies who better were drown'd:
Of the worſt Bond-ſtreet litter, ſuch whelps none admire;
Chuck 'em all in the Thames—they won't ſet it on fire.

Now I've touch'd on the principal points of the play,
Shall it run a few nights, or to night run away?
Your votes, friends and critics, we now reſt upon;
The ayes have it, I think, tho' it mayn't be *nem. con.*

O! Mr. Dennis Brulgruddery lives with his dear;
They're in ſtile, and agree juſt like thunder and beer.
An Iriſhman's blunders are pretty well hack'd;
But how charmingly, ſure, Mr. Johnſtone did act!

Then ſucceſs to John Bull—let this toaſt be his pride,
Bleſs the king of John Bull, and John Bull's fireſide.
At John Bull's fireſide ſhould a foe dare to frown,
May John ne'er want a poker to knock the foe down.

ODE *to* MUSIC.

THOU lovely maid, whoſe captivating ſong
Allures the ſoul thro' mazes of delight,

To

To join the chorus of the elfin throng,
That ſweep with trembling notes the dews of night;
And whoſe inſpiring voice, and martial ſtrain,
Impels the warrior dauntleſs o'er the plain.

Now, while the twilight gently fades away,
O! come, divine enchantreſs, to my bower;
Awake thy lute to ſome ſweet plaintive lay,
And o'er my heart diffuſe thy ſoothing power;
For thou canſt harmonize the troubled breaſt,
And every tone diſcordant lull to reſt.

Again thoſe tender notes O let me hear!
That Laura wak'd from many a tuneful ſtring;
Her charming voice ſtill vibrates on my ear,
While fancy fondly liſts to hear her ſing.
O come! and let thoſe ſounds ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet,
Dance on the zephyr round this calm retreat.

O! heaven-born muſic! love-inſpiring maid!
To thee what various magic powers belong!
Early to thee my heart its homage paid,
Enamour'd of thy ſweet enchanting ſong;
And ſtill enraptur'd with thy charms, I raiſe,
In artleſs ſtrains, a tribute to thy praiſe.

Whene'er I join the ſocial mirthful train,
May thy ſweet ſmiles enliven every heart;
And when I ſigh, oppreſs'd by grief or pain,
O then may Laura ſome ſoft notes impart!
Her lovely voice would ſoothe my mind to reſt,
Tho' ſorrow's dart were rankling in my breaſt.

TERPE.

On the HUMAN VOICE.

[From Feltham's Popular View of the Structure and Economy of the Human Body.]

THE human voice, melodious, ſweet, and clear,
Pours matchleſs muſic on the raptur'd ear;
No feather'd minſtrels, from their vocal ſpray,
Can emulate its heaven-inſtructed lay;
No magic ſounds of inſtruments combin'd,
Can wake like theſe the raptures of the mind!
The force of rage ſubdue with ſoft controul,
Or fill with tendereſt extacy the ſoul.
O ſacred ſenſe! by verbal accents taught,
To wake to tuneful life unbodied thought;
Thy pow'rs that now their peerleſs charms beſtow,
No laſting pauſe, no final change ſhall know!
Thoſe ſounds which art inſpires muſt diſappear,
And huſh'd to ſilence die upon the ear!
While thou the pow'r of death ſhall brave,
To Heav'n's high manſions take thy deſtin'd flight,
And form the chorus of the ſaints in light!

The HAPPY CHRISTENING.

THOMAS weds—and four months barely paſs'd o'er his head,
When his ſpouſe (God be thank'd!) of a boy's brought to bed.
"Now what ſhall we call him, my dear!" ſaid his wife,
"Let me think," anſwered Tom.—"Call him COURIER, my life.
"For he's travell'd a journey of nine months or more,
"To my joy and delight, in the ſhort ſpace of four!"